DARK HORSE COMICS

[#04/04]

CYBERPUNK 2077

PSYCHO SQUAD

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[KIERAN MCKEOWN]
[GIADA MARCHISIO]
[FRANK CVETKOVIC]

CD PROJEKT RED

CYBERPUNK 2077

PSYCHO SQUAD

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CYBERPSYCHOSIS SUPPORT

AN IMPOVERISHED NEW MOTHER USES HER LAST TEN EDDIES TO LOAD HER BABY INTO THE WASHING MACHINE FOR A SINGLE SPIN CYCLE.

A CORPO EXEC, FIRED FOR EMBEZZLEMENT, MOWS DOWN AN ENTIRE HR COMMITTEE BEFORE LEAPING FROM THE WINDOW TO AN ADJACENT ROOF...ON THE FIFTIETH FLOOR.

A HOUSEWIFE SNAPS AND SHOVES HER THUMBS THROUGH THE EYES OF A MALL SECURITY GUARD...

...AND NIGHT CITY ROLLS ITS EYES.

MAXTAC

SEND IN *MAXTAC!*

WITH ALL THEIR CHROME AND HEAVY ORDNANCE!

CLOSED MEETING. GET LOST.

IT'S EASIER, ISN'T IT?

WE SAY, "AH, THEY MUST'VE OVERLOADED THEMSELVES WITH CYBERWARE. THEY'RE BARELY EVEN HUMAN ANYMORE.

"AND THEY'RE NOT COMING BACK.

"DISPOSE OF THEM.

"IT'S A SHAME, BUT THEY DID IT TO THEMSELVES."

AS THOUGH ANY OF THIS NEVER HAPPENED ***BEFORE*** CYBERWARE WAS A THING.

AS THOUGH BROKEN PEOPLE NEVER SNAPPED AND COMMITTED BROKEN, EVIL ACTS.

I CALL BULLSHIT.

"THESE PEOPLE CAN BE REHABILITATED."

DO NOT DISTURB MEETING IN PROGRESS

CYBERPSYCHOSIS IS *CURABLE.* WE JUST NEED TO *UNDERSTAND* IT.

THAT ONLY BECOMES IMPOSSIBLE ONCE WE LET MAXTAC PERFORATE THEIR SKULLS WITH LEAD.

WE HAVE TO DO BETTER. WE *CAN* DO BETTER!

TEAR DOWN FUCKING MAXTAC!

TEAR DOWN--

GET *DOWN!*

NO.

NO, NO, NO!

CAN BE CURED

CYBERPUNK

HE'S TOO FAST! I-I CAN'T--

OUT THE BACK! ALREADY CALLED THE POLICE.

FOR FUCK'S SAKE...

"...YOU'VE *SUMMONED* MAXTAC!"

AH, SWEET IRONY.

CYBERPSYCHOSIS CAN BE CURED

LOOKS LIKE THESE BLEEDING HEARTS LEARNED THE HARD WAY, *HUH?*

NOW THEY'RE LEAKING ALL OVER THE FLOOR.

LIEUTENANT HOOK. SCAN'S PICKING UP A SURVIVOR.

HEART RATE'S ELEVATED, NO SURPRISE THERE...BUT IT'S WAY ABOVE TWO HUNDRED, GLITCHING IN AND OUT...AND BARRELLING OUR WAY.

THE CYBERPSYCHO. STILL HERE.

YOU MIGHT BE ONTO SOMETHING, STEPOVIC.

MOVE! FLANK THE FUCKER! MAKE HIM HESITATE, CHOOSE BETWEEN YOU.

SLOW HIM DOWN JUST ENOUGH...

...THAT RITTER CAN GET A LOCK, AND--

UUUGH!

AND BOOM GOES THE DYNAMITE.

JESUS.

JESUS CHRIST, HE'S JUST A KID.

MHM.

UNFORTUNATE.

NO!

MUT. YOU ARE SO *FUCKING* FIRED.

YOU WERE ABOUT TO KILL A *CHILD*, HOOK.

I WAS ABOUT TO PUT DOWN A DANGEROUS CYBERPSYCHO WHOSE BODY COUNT RAN INTO DOUBLE DIGITS.

YOU ARE A LIABILITY TO MY UNIT, MUT.

AND YOU'RE A FUCKING MONSTER.

LEAVE YOUR SERVICE WEAPONS IN THE HELLHOUND AND GET OUTTA MY SIGHT.

BUT HEY, DON'T WORRY...

...REGINA JONES IS PROBABLY HIRING AFTER TONIGHT.

CYBERPSYCHOSIS IN UR

THAT WAS A GONK MOVE.

I MEANT IT. SHE *IS* A MONSTER, STEPOVIC.

I COULDN'T STAND THERE AND WATCH HER EXECUTE THE KID.

NIGHT CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT

MILITECH

ELECTROMAGNETIC MOVING COIL ARMAT

NCPD

YOU CAME BACK FROM CYBERPSYCHOSIS. YOU'RE LIVING PROOF THAT REHAB WORKS.

IT'S JUST YOU, HER, AND RITTER NOW. AND HE'S ONE OF HERS.

DON'T LET HER UNDO THE GOOD WORK YOU'VE DONE, BUD.

SAVE THAT KID IF YOU CAN.

STEPOVIC.

STOP TALKING TO THE TRAITOROUS BASTARD.

RITTER FOUND SOMETHING IN THE SECURITY FOOTAGE.

IT PLAYS OUT PRETTY MUCH AS YOU'D EXPECT WHEN SOMEONE OPENS FIRE IN A CROWDED ROOM.

PANDEMONIUM, BLOOD, GUTS, AND SCREAMING, BLAH BLAH BLAH...

...EXCEPT FOR *THIS* GUY.

HE RUNS *TOWARD* RATHER THAN AWAY FROM THE PSYCHO. TRIES TO *STOP* THEM.

THERE'S A *RESEMBLANCE* TO THE KID.

HIS FATHER?

THE PSYCHO SHOWS UP LOOKING FOR *DADDY*, THEN FREAKS OUT WHEN SECURITY DOESN'T LET HIM IN.

RUNNING FACIAL RECOGNITION NOW... AND...

BINGO. LET'S GO.

DATA

SCAN RESULTS

PETER ROACH

AFFILIATION

CIVILIAN

NCPD DATABASE

DATABASE SEARCH IN PROGRESS:

CRIMINAL RECORD: DOES NOT EXIST, OR YOU DO NOT HAVE PERMISSION

"PETER ROACH. FORTY-TWO YEARS OLD.

"LIVES WITH HIS WIFE, JILL, AND SON, PETER JR., IN WESTBROOK.

"REAL NICE NEIGHBORHOOD."

JUNIOR... I'M SORRY I LEFT.

I KNOW YOU WERE JUST SCARED, BUT WHAT YOU DID WAS VERY BAD.

MY BOY. MY BOY, I'M SORRY.

"EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT."

WHAM

CLEAR!

CLEAR!

CLEAR!

UPSTAIRS. LET'S GO, SPAR DELTA.

BLAM BLAM BLAM

HNK!

LEAVE US ALONE!

LEAVE MY BOY ALONE!

YOU JUST SHOT TWO MAXTAC OFFICERS, *PETER.*

AND YOUR SON IS A CYBERPSYCHO WHO'S ON A KILLING SPREE.

HE'S NOT--

HE...HE JUST GETS *CONFUSED* SOMETIMES. AT THE MEETING, THEY SAID HE COULD BE *CURED.*

LIEUTENANT?

I'M OKAY. BETTER THAN RITTER ANYWAY.

THAT'S TWO NETRUNNERS WE'VE LOST IN AS MANY WEEKS. EMBARRASSING.

FINISH THIS, STEPOVIC. LET'S TAKE 'EM OUT IN BODY BAGS.

JUST LEAVE US ALONE!

ALL THIS SHIT ON THE WALLS.

YOU'RE REALLY INTO FOOTBALL, *HUH*, PETER?

WANTED YOUR SON TO BE A STAR QUARTERBACK, JUST LIKE YOU.

AND HEY, CAN'T START 'EM TOO YOUNG, RIGHT?

FIGURED A ***KERENZIKOV*** WOULD GIVE HIM THE EDGE.

A REFLEX BOOSTER LOADED INTO HIS FRONTAL CORTEX TO MAKE HIM THE FASTEST KID ON HIS TEAM.

AN INVASIVE CYBERWARE OPERATION ON A BRAIN THAT WASN'T EVEN CLOSE TO FULLY DEVELOPED.

YOU ***BASTARD!***

I SAID STOP!

BLAM BLAM

SHHH

I ONLY WANTED...TO GIVE HIM A CHANCE...

HEY! I SAID STAY WITH ME.

TH-THE BATHROOM.

SH-SHE TRIED TO MAKE JUNIOR BRUSH HIS TEETH. HE ALWAYS HATED BRUSHING HIS TEETH...

YOU TOOK AWAY ANY CHANCE THAT KID HAD...

HEY, EYES OPEN, STAY WITH ME. WHERE'S THE WIFE?

SHE'S NOT GONNA COME OUT OF ONE OF THESE ROOMS GUNS BLAZING, IS SHE?

MRS. ROACH? I'M COMING IN!

OH...OH CHRIST.

SORRY, KID.

YOU DON'T WANNA COME BACK FROM THIS.

MAXTAC

MUT?!

I TOLD YOU, STEPOVIC. YOU AND THE LIEUTENANT, YOU'RE EASY TO FOLLOW.

LET'S GET HIM OUTTA HERE. I KNOW SOME PEOPLE WHO CAN HIDE HIM.

MUT. *STOP.*

STEPOVIC? PUT IT DOWN.

YOU DIDN'T SEE WHAT HE DID, MUT. TO HIS OWN MOTHER.

EVEN IF HE COULD BE REHABBED...HE'D HAVE TO LIVE WITH THAT. THERE'S NO LIVING WITH THAT.

THIS IS THE ONLY KINDNESS HE CAN HOPE FOR.

COME ON, MAN. PUT THAT DOWN. WE BOTH KNOW YOU'RE NOT GONNA SHOOT.

BANG BANG

STEPOVIC?

LET'S GET YOU OUT OF HERE, LIEUTENANT.

NCPD

M-HM... UNH!

ANOTHER DOWN...ON TO THE NEXT.

YOU KNOW, STEPOVIC... MUT WAS RIGHT.

I *AM* A MONSTER.

NCPD

I KNOW, BOSS. BUT THIS IS NIGHT CITY.

NCPD

NIGHT CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT

WITHOUT MONSTERS LIKE US UNDER THE BED, HOW WOULD ANYONE SURVIVE?

MAXTAC

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"